

Wedding Day Reflections

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Category: A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder

Language: English

Characters: Monty N., Sibella H.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 01:04:08

Updated: 2016-04-09 01:04:08

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:33:58

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 550

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Monty's thoughts at Sibella's wedding. I may add other chapters from the POV of other characters eventually.

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Throughout the entire ceremony, Monty's eyes had remained fixed on Sibella, alternating between admiring her radiant beauty and searching for any slight sign that she was regretting her decision; any moment of downcast eyes, any slight blush looking in his direction.

Sibella truly was stunning. Her gown was a cream colour, edged in lace with a train that brushed along the stone floor behind her. She had fought for off-white because she had argued that a stark white gown would clash with her hair and complexion. And privately, Monty agreed with her. He had seen her in both colours, and he preferred her in a cream. However, it was also vaguely amusing to him how accurately symbolic the colour was for her. The tradition of a bride wearing white had come from the idea of the white dress symbolising purity, but Sibella was far from that. He fought to keep a smirk off his face as he gazed at her, seeing in his mind every curve of her body that the gown concealed.

No one else in the church would ever have guessed that just four days prior to this moment, she had graced his tiny terrace house with her presence, and had sat in his front room saying how nice it was to get away from all the chaos surrounding the impending wedding. She had then proceeded to complain about every tiny issue that has never even crossed Monty's mind, such as what colour the bridesmaid's bouquets should be. And no one else ever would have guessed that he had stopped her mouth with a kiss and pulled her into his arms, hearing her moan softly against his lips. Whispering an agreement to his proposition of not talking any longer about the wedding_,_ she had instead helped him to remove her clothing. And certainly no one else had ever dared to think about the image of her flinging herself down on his bed, allowing him to worship every inch of her body with his

mouth and fingers. No one would have thought that he had removed her engagement ring before making passionate and sincere love to her, her arms around him, one hand in his hair and the nails of the other pressing into his shoulder as she cried out in pleasure, their bodies moving together in a slow and familiar rhythm.

Monty was called back to the present by the priest's low and booming voice echoing through the church. "If anyone in attendance here can present just cause why this couple cannot lawfully be joined together in matrimony, then let them speak now, or forever hold their peace," he was saying.

Monty could see Sibella's head turn almost imperceptibly to the guests in their seats, silently daring them to make any objection to her marriage. So many words crossed Monty's mind, so many things that he could say that would immediately put a stop to the wedding. Even the merest suggestion of their relationship would cause a tremendous scandal. But he loved her too deeply to disgrace her. And so, he remained silent and clenched his fists in quiet rage as the woman he loved allowed another man to kiss her lips. He remained silent, and watched with tears in his eyes as his Sibella married another man.

End
file.